

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 662.—VOL. XIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

PRICE 1½d.

ATTRAY'S WIFE.

By H. F. ABELL.

CHAPTER I.

'A VERY pretty place for a fellow to be condemned to serve at!' remarked Lieutenant Eustace Hirst of His Britannic Majesty's Preventive Service, as one gray October afternoon of the year 1805 he stepped out of Martello number forty, his temporary quarters, on to Dymchurch Wall. 'Twenty-five years old, and practically shelved because of a rascally French bullet shot by a Boulogne land-lubber!'

It was not a pretty place. Right and left of the Martello stretched the gray sea-wall; in front moaned and tossed the gray channel; behind lay the great Marsh, green enough actually, but now enveloped in a gray ground-fog characteristic of the season of the year; and at the time of which we are writing more remote from the influences of civilisation and refinement than are many places in Eastern Africa.

Wounded in a boat action with the Boulogne forts, Hirst had been treated as were most officers by no means incapacitated for duty, but not strong enough for the exceedingly strong sea-life of those days—he had received 'blood-money,' and had been sent to a Preventive Station. He was lucky in getting even this billet so soon, for there were hundreds of wounded officers and only scores of billets; but having got it, he employed the privilege of Englishmen in general, and of sailors in particular, of grumbling. He called to mind brother officers who had got snug billets such as Dover, and Hastings, and Brighton, but he didn't think of the many for whom there were no billets, and who, still young men, were fretting away their lives with the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick.

So here he was, with some twenty bluejackets

and as many coastguardsmen under his orders, with the sole consolation of having to look after a bit of coast as famous as any in Britain for the numbers, the daring, and the enterprise of its smugglers.

Eustace Hirst had been here a month; he had seen nothing but the gray world upon which he now scowled, had heard few voices but those of his own men, and had only achieved one thing—he had made an enemy of the only gentleman in the neighbourhood, the Reverend Mr Texter, Vicar of Broadmarsh, simply by establishing a night patrol in the reverend gentleman's churchyard. 'As if,' growled the divine angrily, 'as if he hadn't plenty of room elsewhere for his blessed patrols.'

But the young officer, if new to the preventive business, had not been born on a smuggling coast without learning that its churches had a secular as well as a sacred use.

He stood, spy-glass under arm, scowling at the gray, tumbling sea. A speck appeared on it; he mechanically brought his glass to bear upon it, but turned on his heel with a snort of disgust when he saw but a sea-bird.

Presently, however, his attention was directed nearer home.

A hundred yards away he saw the figure of a girl walking rapidly along the wall towards where he was standing, but stopping every now and again to gaze out at the sea, and shudderingly to wrap closer around her the long cloak she wore. 'Funny day to choose for an airing!' remarked the lieutenant. 'I wonder if'—

He dropped behind a low parapet, built on the edge of the wall for the convenience of outlook, and finished his sentence: 'I wonder if

she's up to anything. "Hirst," said the chief at Hythe before I came here, "Don't trust anything that can walk or run, where you're going to, neither male nor female, human or animal." And I don't.

The girl came within fifty yards, and the young man saw beneath the hood she wore a face almost angelic in its beauty, but with a sad, despairing look upon it.

'Who on earth can she be?' thought the lieutenant, 'and what in the name of all that's sensible is she going to do—not bathe surely—and I here—I'd better cough or'—

At that instant, with a ringing cry of 'God forgive me!' she sprang off the wall into the tumbling waves.

Hirst was out and over after her in a very few seconds; there was a minute or two's stern battling with the struggling figure, and the sea, which swept with a nasty undertow round a projecting groyne, and he brought her up the steps, saved but insensible, and hurried with her to the Martello. 'Bathsheba!' he roared to the native savage who acted as his cook, 'put this lady to bed, mix a strong grog, and tell me when she comes to.'

Bathsheba uttered a little scream of course, but obeyed with alacrity, and the lieutenant had just time to exchange his dripping garments for dry, when the girl announced that Miss Mountjoy was sensible.

'Mountjoy! How do you know who she is?' asked the young man.

'Why, surely, bean't she the young lady as has come with her mother to Green Place?' replied Bathsheba.

This knowledge did not astonish the lieutenant, for he had early found out that in the marsh world everybody was more or less related to everybody else, and that nobody's business was his or her own; and as it was a public duty to keep all knowledge from him, he was only annoyed at his own ignorance of the fact that Green Place was at last tenanted. He entered his tiny bedroom. The girl was lying quietly, with closed eyes, and he paused at the door to gaze with admiration upon the calm beauty of her face—a beauty of strong contrasts, for her skin was as white as marble, and her hair jet black.

She opened her eyes with a start, and fixed them upon Eustace Hirst, with the peculiar intensity of one awakened from another world.

'Who are you? Where am I? What am I doing here?' she asked angrily.

'Please don't talk, Miss Mountjoy,' said the young officer.

'I will talk. How dare you tell me not to?' retorted the girl almost fiercely. 'What has been going on?'

'I have prevented you from committing a great crime,' said Hirst.

The girl passed her hand over her brow. 'Did you?' she said presently, 'and how dare you call it a crime to make one's self happy? I am miserable, and I determined to be happy. What made you do it?'

'Duty,' briefly replied the lieutenant.

The girl raised herself and looked at him. She saw a tall, well-favoured young man, in a naval rough-weather uniform.

'Are you in the Preventive?' she asked.

'I am. What made you attempt to take your life?'

'Duty.'

'To whom?'

'To myself. I'm sick of the life I lead. That to which I should have gone, if you had not been impertinent enough to interfere, might have been better, and could not have been worse.'

Strength of will had enabled her to speak so far. Then the effect of the sudden immersion in the icy water, and the strong cordial which Bathsheba had given her, made itself felt; she muttered a few incoherent words, her head sank sideways on the pillow, and she was fast asleep.

Eustace Hirst went gently out and called Bathsheba. 'Now tell me all about the Mountjoys and the Green Place,' he said.

So Bathsheba, a great, strapping, red-cheeked Marsh wench, described how about two months previously the news ran through Broadmarsh that Green Place was going to be lived in once more; and it *was* news, for the last person who lived at Green Place disappeared mysteriously, and was said to walk 'same as Squire Oxenbridge of Brede Place,' and it was thought none would take the house rent free. However, said Bathsheba, about a month ago, the new people moved in; nice, handsome old lady, and this young miss, with lots of fine furniture and pictures, and they was to church the next Sunday, and the Sunday after; and Pilcher, the beadle, seeing they was quality, put them in the Squire's pew with the red curtains, and they behaved just like gentlefolk, and went fast asleep during the sermon; and Mr Texter had called upon them, and had got to know them quite well, which was more than anybody else did, they led such a ter'ble quiet life, never going outside the garden walls—and that was all she, Bathsheba Garson, knew about them.

Here, at anyrate, there was promise of something to break the monotony of existence. Mysterious arrival of two ladies at an out-of-the-way corner of the world; attempt upon her own life by the younger lady within a month of arrival; said young lady beautiful, and, from the evidence of manner and speech, of good if not of high position; actresses in a strange story without a shadow of doubt.

As a rule, Eustace Hirst did not care twopence about other people's affairs, and if there had not been a pretty girl on the scene, probably would have bothered his head no more about the new tenants of Green Place, except to keep a professional eye on them. But, as there was a pretty, nay, a beautiful girl on the scene, the young man's curiosity was piqued, and he resolved to find out all that he could. He was thus musing when his door opened, and Miss Mountjoy walked in.

'I suppose I must acknowledge your great bravery in jumping into the sea and pulling me out,' she said, 'but I cannot add my thanks. However, I am a predestinarian, and evidently my fate is something else.'

The lieutenant bowed.

'Are you strong enough to walk?' he asked. 'May I offer my escort?'

Miss Mountjoy did not seem to hear what he said. She was reading a printed notice stuck with others in the frame of the looking-glass. It was as follows:

'FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.'

The above sum will be paid by the Government, and by the relatives of the undermentioned deceased officers, for the apprehension or for information which will lead to the apprehension of William Attray of Alnmouth, in the County of Northumberland, farmer, who did, on the night of December 24th, 1804, feloniously kill Captain Adams, Lieutenant Armstrong, and Lieutenant Roddam of the Preventive Service, in the execution of their duty, at Alnmouth.'

'Ah! it would be a stroke of luck,' said the young officer, 'if I could accomplish that!'

'You would procure the arrest of my father!' said the girl.

'Your father! Attray your father!' exclaimed Hirst.

'Yes; why not?' replied the girl, quite calmly.

'I—I am sorry—very sorry to hear it,' replied Eustace.

'Not so sorry as I am to know it and feel it,' said the girl. 'Have you an idea where he is?'

'Not I! not I! Well—I am amazed! Then you don't know where he is?' said the young man, and added: 'not likely you would tell me if you did.'

The girl turned to leave the room. The lieutenant repeated his question about escorting her home. She declined his services, but added that if he liked to call at Green Place, her mother might be pleased to see him.

So saying, she bowed and went out into the dark, chilly night.

LOCH KATRINE IN GLASGOW.

By BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

WHEN Fitz-James, emerging from the Pass of the Trossachs, looked down upon Loch Katrine, bathed in the light of the setting sun, like 'one burnished sheet of living gold,' he beheld a physical picture of the priceless value of these gleaming waters. 'Living gold,' indeed, they have become to one of the greatest cities in Europe, and one of the busiest populations in the world. Thirty miles or more, as the crow flies, to the south of where Snowdown's Knight gazed in rapture and amazement upon the beautiful lake, lies the 'Scotch town called Glasgow,' for which Frank Osbaldistone ignorantly inquired, until Andrew Fairservice made him understand that 'Glasgow's a ceety.' When Bailie Nicol Jarvie traversed the intervening country, or some of it, in search of his lawless relative, he little thought that his successors in the Bailiership would advance with set purpose

into the Macgregor country. Rob Roy had often invaded the Lowlands, and carried off cattle and gear; so there was a sort of poetic justice in the Lowlanders invading the Highlands to carry off some of the wealth of water to sweeten their homes and feed their thirsting mills. Indeed, the bringing of Loch Katrine to Glasgow was not only one of those great engineering feats at which all the world wonders; it stimulated, if it did not create, a great social and industrial revolution. Glasgow may have been a 'ceety,' as Andrew Fairservice insisted, in the days of the romantic freebooter; but all its growth into Imperial importance has been since its roots were watered from the springs of Loch Katrine.

Do we always realise the vital importance of the water-supply of a populous city, and the difficulties attending it, apparently simple as the result may be? The very lives, not merely the comfort and health, of the people depend upon the skill and vigilance of the water engineer. He must not only secure the present, but must stretch a hand through time to provide for the future. Like Mr Gale, the renowned engineer of the Glasgow Water Commissioners, he must keep his eye steadfastly on the probable wants of twenty years hence; for unless he does so, the citizens of the future will be left athirst. And he has to provide a supply that shall never cease, no matter what accidents may happen. When the supply has to be brought by artificial channels for thirty miles through moss and moor, over hill and crag and torrent, the provision is such as to tax the highest mechanical skill and the deepest scientific thought. Consider what pure, clean, sweet water means to each single individual of us, and how irksome is even the slightest temporary restriction in the supply, be it even but by a broken ewer; and then consider what it means to a palpitating hive of a million souls.

At the beginning of the present century the water-supply of Glasgow was derived from some thirty wells (more or less impregnated with deleterious matter) and from the river Clyde. By the end of the first decade the river supply was collected and distributed through works constructed by the two celebrated engineers, James Watt and Thomas Telford. But they had not looked far enough ahead, and in other twenty years more works had to be constructed and fresh filter-beds laid down. By the middle of the century the supply was about twelve million gallons per day, from a source which could not well yield more, and which was daily becoming more impure as towns and works increased and multiplied along the banks of the river. Then it was that the Corporation stepped in, and acquired parliamentary powers to buy out the old Water Companies and to tap the natural reservoir of Loch Katrine.

It was not to this lake, however, that the attention of engineers was first directed. Fifty years ago a company obtained an Act empowering them to take water from Loch Lubnaig, along which the Cross of Fire was sped by

Norman on its way up to Strathlyre. Before preparations could be made to convey the water from this lake to Glasgow, the mill-owners and other owners of water-rights on the River Teith had to be compensated. It was arranged with them that they should be guaranteed as much water as should flow down the river in the months of May, June, and July, but it so happened that in these particular months set apart for the gaugings, there were tremendous rains and heavy floods, with the result that the quantity bargained for was more than the loch could supply in normal conditions. Thus, rather oddly, ended the Lubnais scheme.

When the Corporation resolved to take over the water-supply, they employed a number of engineers to report and advise on the best source. Among them was the celebrated engineer, Mr J. F. Bateman, who reported in favour of Loch Katrine. But when parliamentary powers were sought for the work, some curious opposition was encountered. Municipal economists declared that it would add half-a-crown in the pound to the rates. A learned professor of Chemistry declared that the purity of Loch Katrine constituted its great danger, because of the effect which lead piping would have on it. And the Admiralty objected to so much water being taken from Loch Katrine, as it would interfere with the navigation of the Firth of Forth, because the water ought naturally to flow out by the loch into the Teith, and thence into the Forth. These objections, if amusing to recall now, were successful at the time in defeating the project. It was not until 1855 that the Corporation obtained parliamentary powers to tap the lake; and four years later the water was turned on by the Queen.

For thirty-six years, then, the population of Glasgow have been daily drinking the garnered drops of the most famed of Scottish lakes. The drain began with eight million gallons per day. It is now fifty millions. Fifty million gallons of water per day! It is a big drink. So big a drink that one wonders what would have become of the million or so of people had they only the municipal wells and Clyde filters of eighty years ago. But the million people would not be in that busy area to-day were it not for Loch Katrine water, and this is why we say that Loch Katrine has made modern Glasgow. Fifty million gallons of water per day means upwards of two million gallons per hour, morning, noon, and night. As a matter of fact the greatest consumption is through the day, but within the twenty-four hours the fifty million gallons must be forthcoming—in every single-roomed tenement as in every lordly mansion, in every tiny workshop as in every palatial mill, for the street watering-carts as for the public baths and wash-houses, and for ornamental fountains as for pumps and fire-engines. The work of distribution is almost as difficult as, and much more complex than, the work of conveyance from the parent source to the gates of the city. The vast, dark stream of pure water that is ceaselessly flowing from the heart of the mountains to the heart of the town is broken up, and diverted into innumerable subterranean streams that spread like veins and arteries beneath its

streets. Could some Asmodeus give us a bird's-eye view of the under-side of a great city, what a sight it would be!

But Loch Katrine does not come bodily into Glasgow as Birnam Wood once came to Dunsinane. Some six miles beyond the centre of the city, on the slope of the Kilpatrick Hills, has been hewn out of the earth and built up of stone, a new abiding-place for the waters of the lake. It would never do to keep a town dependent on the daily flow through thirty miles of piping. The demand is constant, but the overflow may vary with atmospheric conditions, and may at any moment be interrupted by the choking of a tunnel, the break-down of an aqueduct, the arrest of a sluice. The thirst of a great community cannot be left at the mercy of such accidents; besides, pure as the water is in its natural state, it becomes on its journey more or less charged with floating debris, from which it must be freed. Therefore Loch Katrine is transported by tunnels through rocks, and in siphons across valleys, and by aqueducts along levels, right over the rivers and streams, and through the Kilpatrick Hills to a new resting-place just above the little town which appears on the maps as Milngavie, but is known to the natives as 'Milguy.' Here in the Mugdock Reservoir it has been stored to the extent of four hundred million gallons, which at first was equal to about three weeks' supply. Whatever happened to the chain of aqueducts, then, there was always a store ample enough at the city's gates to prevent any scarcity while possible damages were repaired. And out of this reservoir the water is passed through strainers into the great service-pipes, so as to leave all foreign matter behind. But the city has grown far ahead of the design of this second edition of Loch Katrine, and a new and revised edition has been called for, and is being provided under the skilful management of Mr Gale, the water engineer, to whom we are indebted for the facts relating to the new works now in process of completion.

The original design was to bring Loch Katrine to Glasgow at the rate of fifty million gallons per day, but forty years ago there was not the same experience to found on, and sufficient allowance was not made in the calculations for the effect of the resistance to be encountered in the flow of water through thirty miles of tunnels and piping. Without going into technicalities unsuitable to these pages, it must suffice to say that the resistance presented in the artificial channel reduced the expected discharge from fifty to forty-two million gallons per day. This was more than enough at the time, and was ample even ten years ago, but at that time the rapidly growing consumption made it evident that immediate steps must be taken to provide for the future. When the Loch Katrine works were first designed, the population to be supplied numbered only about three hundred thousand, and the probable increment up to the end of the century was computed at eight thousand per annum. But the actual increase of population, decade by decade, has come to be from twelve thousand to nineteen thousand per annum, while the consumption of water (with the modern appliances of baths, lavatories,

and the like) has increased from forty to fifty gallons per head per day. For trade purposes alone the consumption has grown from about three to sixteen gallons per head per day. Therefore, it was resolved to double the whole works and make provision for a supply of one hundred million gallons per day.

How was this to be done? Well, first of all, the connecting-link between the lake and the city had to be doubled—that is to say, an entirely new aqueduct had to be constructed for the whole distance. Then a new reservoir had to be built to hold in reserve the supply brought by the new aqueduct. And lastly, the storage capacity of Loch Katrine itself had to be enlarged by raising its high-water level so as to retain more of the hill drainage. As a supplement to the scheme, Loch Arklet, which lies between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, is to be converted into an assistant-reservoir and made to flow into Loch Katrine, instead of, as nature intended, into Loch Lomond, whereby an additional supply of ten million gallons per day can be obtained when required.

Such gigantic works necessarily required a great deal of time as well as a great deal of money, and the operations have been spread over ten years; indeed, they are not yet all completed. The first thing to be considered was the best kind of bridge for carrying the water-channels across the ravines. On the old aqueduct there are five such bridges, consisting partly of iron troughs supported on masonry, and partly of iron tubes carried upon piers fifty feet apart. These bridges run in length from three hundred and seventy-two to nine hundred and ninety feet, and they are exposed to very severe strains by the variations in temperature; while to prevent corrosion they require periodical painting, during which the water has to be shut off at the loch. To avoid a repetition of these objectionable features, the new aqueduct is made to cross the Duchray Valley at a higher point than the old one, so that instead of crossing the hollows on bridges it is run through the hills by tunnels. It is now much easier to form long tunnels than it was when the first aqueduct was constructed, the use of compressed air for drilling and more powerful explosives than gunpowder having considerably simplified the process. By diverting the line, too, a saving in distance is effected, for whereas the old aqueduct is twenty-five miles and twenty-nine chains long, the new aqueduct is only twenty-three miles and forty-eight chains. The construction of this aqueduct has been a very interesting engineering feat, the details of which, however, are too technical to set forth here. The leading design has been to keep the water-channel underground, so as to avoid atmospheric influences and sun-heat. There are only five short bridges on the whole line, and these are very strongly built, with a covering over the water-channel two feet thick. The bottom of the aqueduct is laid with concrete the whole length, and for the most part is twelve feet wide, and nine feet high. In parts where the whole channel is lined with concrete the width is reduced to ten feet. The fall or incline towards Glasgow is one in five thousand five hundred.

This aqueduct is to discharge seventy millions of gallons per day direct from Loch Katrine into a huge service reservoir, which has been constructed near the old one at Mugdock. It is really a lake with a surface of eighty-six and a quarter acres, and a capacity of seven hundred million gallons. It is called the Craigmaddie Reservoir. It holds enough to supply the city for fourteen days at the rate of fifty million gallons per day, and Mugdock Reservoir holds a ten days' supply at the same rate. With twenty-four days' supply at its very gates, the city need have no fear of a water famine in the present generation. The two aqueducts together are able to discharge one hundred and ten million gallons per day into the reservoirs, but with a deduction of ten per cent. for occasional stoppages for repairs, inspection, &c., the maximum supply is reckoned at one hundred millions per day. This, it is calculated, will serve to liquidate the thirst of Glasgow for the next forty years.

The construction of the Craigmaddie Reservoir has been a very costly business, as the public road and several streams had to be diverted, and excavations had to be carried to a great depth to secure a suitable watertight foundation. The estimated cost of this reservoir, before the works were begun, was £169,000; the actual cost has been over £300,000. The cost of the aqueduct will be above three-quarters of a million, and the entire cost of the whole scheme for duplicating the water-supply of Glasgow, including lands and compensations, will be about a million and a half sterling. The capital expenditure in connection with the old works and allied piping was about two and a half millions.

A very interesting part of the new scheme, which, however, does not need to be carried out all at once, is the raising of the level of Loch Katrine so as to increase its storage capacity to nine thousand eight hundred and forty-nine million gallons. This will involve the construction of a new dam, several miles of new roads, and new steamboat piers to suit the altered level. A tunnel will also be constructed to draw ten million gallons per day from Loch Arklet, the level of which will be raised twenty-five feet by means of embankments. The value of Loch Katrine as a feeder lies in the fact that it is in a district in which the rainfall never falls short of ninety inches, and is usually over one hundred inches per annum, and that the purity of the water is insured by the general shallowness of whatever peaty ground there is within the gathering area. The natural purity, however, has to be preserved from artificial contamination, and for this purpose a very strict agreement exists with all the proprietors in the neighbourhood to prevent the fouling of the water by drains, &c. There are very few houses within the water-shed, and supervision is strictly exercised over the use of boats on the lake.

The tourist steamer has taken the place of Ellen's shallop, and the Silver Strand has disappeared—if it ever existed to any considerable extent out of the poem and the guide-books. But the peculiar romantic beauty of the loch is not impaired by having added to its waters the beauty of utility. Day by day a

million human beings engaged in the fever and turmoil of industrial life, thirty miles away, drink at the spring which inspired the author of the 'Lady of the Lake.'

THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

CHAPTER IV. (continued).

For the remainder of the day we steamed slowly on, the view changing with each succeeding hour. At one time we were making our way through the virgin forest, as yet well-nigh innocent of the tread of a white man; at others we were passing between high cliffs that stretched up and up, till one had to crane one's neck to see the palm trees growing on the top of them; then the landscape would undergo a change, the timber would grow less dense, and large tracts of plain would present themselves to the eye. Taken altogether, the day's steam afforded us an excellent opportunity of observing the quality of the country; and when I saw it I felt compelled to admit that, as far as its natural advantages were concerned, one of the king's prophecies looked as if it might very well be fulfilled.

Towards four in the afternoon, the stream grew somewhat narrower, and the country ashore a degree more hilly. Occasionally it became necessary for us to use considerable caution in proceeding, for the current was treacherously strong, and in places large rocks bared their teeth at us from either bank. For at least the sixth time during the day's journey we found ourselves approaching a rocky defile, the advantage of which in case of war the king was quick to point out to me. In fact, in this particular instance, on emerging from the cañon, if I may so call it, we discovered ourselves face to face with a substantial fort, erected on a slight eminence and commanding the whole stretch of water. On a flagstaff above it floated the royal standard of the Médangs, a gorgeous piece of colouring that I had never seen before. As we observed it I stole a glance at the king's face. As long as I live I shall never forget the look of pride and affection that had settled upon it. No parent watching the face of his first-born child could have equalled it.

Suddenly a flash of flame and a cloud of smoke broke from the battlements, and almost simultaneously the thunder of a gun greeted our ears, and echoed among the hills. It was followed by another, and still another, until a complete royal salute had been fired. It was plain that the fort had recognised the presence of the king on the bridge of the yacht, and had been quick to welcome him. Had we possessed a flag similar to that upon the fort, I should have run it up out of compliment to our royal guest; but as we had not got one, we contented ourselves with the Union Jack. At the king's desire the yacht was stopped, in order that the commandant of the fort and his officers might be permitted to embark and pay their respects. To my surprise, they proved to be, without exception, natives of the country;

manly fellows, with bright, intelligent faces, and a confident air about them that was very pleasant to see. They were dressed in full uniform, not unlike that worn by our own garrison artillery in India, and, from their appearance, should have made excellent soldiers. While we were awaiting their coming their sovereign went below; but as the boat which conveyed them from the fort drew up to the accommodation ladder, he reappeared on deck, clad in full uniform, a helmet with plumes upon his head, and wearing the order of Marie I. upon his breast. Much as I had always admired him, when I glanced at him now I experienced a thrill greater than I had ever yet felt. Such a truly kingly figure I had never seen in my life before, and I say that as one who in his life has had a fair experience of monarchs.

When the officers had in turn paid their respects, the king inquired if his arrival had been expected, and in reply was informed that not only was it already known in the capital, but that preparations were being made there to receive him. Either he did not deem it politic to ask for information regarding the state of affairs in the country, or he imagined, as was more probable, that the occupants of such an isolated fort would be scarcely likely to be well informed on such a subject; at any rate I noticed that he put no questions to the soldiers. When they had left the ship we got under weigh again, the Union Jack still flying in its place at the gaff end.

'In six hours from now,' said the king, as the screw once more began to revolve, 'our journey will be accomplished, and we shall be at my capital. My friends, I cannot express to you my gratitude for all you have done for me. Believe me, I will never forget it. As I have said so many times before, if ever the chance should occur, you will not find Marie ungrateful.'

He held out his hand and I took it. At that moment I believe that Marie I. would have given me anything, even to the half of his kingdom. God bless him for a brave and generous-hearted man!

Fortunately it was the night of full moon, and for this reason our progress was not delayed. Had it been otherwise, it would have been necessary for us to remain stationary until daylight, a proceeding which would have consorted ill with the king's impatience to get to his journey's end. By nine o'clock we were within eight miles of our destination, and were already able to distinguish signs of cultivation on the banks, with here and there clusters of habitations. At the king's suggestion, Olivia and I descended to our cabins, and donned riding attire. Having done so, we rejoined him on the bridge.

At half-past nine we could see ahead of us the myriad lights of the city, and by this time the stream was crowded with canoes, each of which carried a lantern, and many some peculiar kind of musical instrument, the like of which I have never heard before. The din thus created may be better imagined than described.

Suddenly, from the summit of a hill lying beyond and above the city, there flashed out

a jet of fire. A moment later the thunder of a large gun greeted our ears. Once more the royal salute welcomed us, and this time we returned the compliment with our one brass piece forward. The excitement was intense, and I could see that the king, who stood in the full light of one of the lanterns I had caused to be hung round the back of the bridge, was almost overcome by it. His pale, sensitive face quivered with emotion as he bowed his head repeatedly in acknowledgment of the greetings of his people in the boats on either hand.

Having arrived exactly opposite the town—the white buildings of which presented a picturesque effect in the moonlight—we brought up beside a wharf, upon which hundreds of persons, so it seemed, were crowded. The majority of these carried torches in their hands; while from the citadel on the hill, overlooking the town, the welcome of the artillery still crashed forth. It was a moment when any monarch might have felt his heart swell with pride within him; and Marie was as proud, if not prouder, of his country than most that I have met.

As soon as we were safely alongside the wharf, a gangway was run out. Upon this a carpet was spread, and over it came a number of richly-uniformed officials, the foremost of whom, I rightly conjectured, was the prime-minister who had despatched the telegram I had seen in Venice. He was a fine-looking old fellow, a pure-blooded native, and carried himself with a dignity I have seldom seen equalled. His pleasure at having his master back again could not have been exaggerated, and it did one's heart good to observe the cordial way in which his greeting was reciprocated. One by one the officials came forward and made their obeisances, and when that ceremony was finished a move was made to the street above, where a square space had been roped in and prepared for the reception of the sovereign. All round this stood the populace, with torches, to the number of many hundreds, while the street leading from the wharf, a path through the centre of which was kept by military, must have contained many thousands more.

Reaching the reserved space just mentioned, the king bowed his acknowledgments of the vociferous greetings of the populace, and then, preceded by his chamberlains and other officials, and accompanied by Olivia and myself, made his way towards the spot where a group of horses were standing. Two of these, each of which was a noble animal, reminding me more of a well-bred Arab than any other breed, were jet black; the third, which was more elaborately upholstered than his companions, was as white as snow. As one of the former carried a lady's saddle, I gathered that the blacks were for our use, the white being intended for the king. This proved to be the case.

At the king's invitation we mounted, and, preceded by trumpeters, and accompanied by a host of officials, all more or less gorgeously attired, made our way up the street towards the citadel—the troops, meanwhile, presenting arms, and the populace waving their torches and cheering with all the strength of their lungs. The effects were peculiar in the extreme, and I wish you could have seen them

with me. Even after this lapse of time, I can plainly recall the reflections of the dancing torch flames on the white houses—the sea of faces in the street and upon the roof-tops—and the king riding a few steps before us on his beautiful steed, his helmet in his hand, bowing his acknowledgments of the enthusiastic welcome he was receiving.

At the end of the long central street which, as I have already said, led from the river to the citadel, we arrived at the foot of a steep hill; this we commenced to ascend. On reaching the top we found ourselves confronted by a pair of enormous gates, let into a wall forty feet high if an inch, which was built right out on the face of a precipitous cliff, something like three hundred feet from top to bottom. Indeed, the path up to the gates was the only possible approach to the castle, and even that might have been held by fifty swordsmen against an attacking force of quite a thousand. Above our heads the cannon were still thundering their greeting, while at the gate a guard of honour was drawn up to receive us.

Behind the king we rode through the great entrance into the citadel itself. Here the scene was extraordinary in its weird picturesqueness. Occupying all the southern side of the enormous courtyard was the king's palace—a noble building, covering a large area of ground, but of a style of architecture which I could not locate. To afford you some idea of the appearance the place presented, I might say that it was not unlike the rock castle of Trichinopoly, though scarcely so high or so massive. Unlike that massive fortress, however, it was white as curds, was covered with sculpture from end to end, and boasted a long flight of steps leading up from the yard to the main entrance. Opposite the palace were the barracks and the arsenal; a fine old temple occupied the space midway between, with the stables behind that again. It was not until the day following that I learned the history of this extraordinary place. Originally it had been a Buddhist monastery of a peculiar design, but was fast falling to decay when the grandfather of the previous ruler of the country, the sovereign from whom Marie inherited, took it into his head to transform it into a palace. Living on none too good terms with his people, he had heightened the walls ten feet, replaced the old insecure gates with new ones that would have required a battering-ram of enormous power, or a large charge of dynamite, to break them down, and had transformed the quarters of the priests into an enormous palace. His successors had further improved it, as had his heir. The present ruler had carried on the work, added the battery and the arsenal, and the picturesque pile we had before us when we entered the courtyard was the result.

On reaching the palace His Majesty descended from his saddle, and then assisted Olivia to alight. When she had done so, he escorted us up the steps into the Great Hall, where all the officers of his household were grouped, waiting to receive him. The hall, once the refectory of Buddhist priests, was a fine one in every way, rafted with teak, and boasting a polished floor of the same impenetrable wood. At the farther end was a dais covered with a red

carpet, upon which stood an ivory throne, elegantly carved with the figures of bulls and elephants, and approached by three ivory steps.

When he had ascended the steps and taken his place under the canopy, a speech of welcome was made by the prime-minister. His Majesty returned thanks with his customary eloquence, and brought the ceremony to a conclusion by bowing to his court. Then, inviting us to follow, he led the way from the Great Hall across a tessellated courtyard, in which a marble fountain played in the moonlight, to a suite of rooms on the other side. In the first of these he paused, and, turning to us, said :

'I am now about to introduce you to a person of whom I have never hitherto spoken to you—my sister.'

'Your sister?' we both cried in astonishment, for, up to that moment, we had never dreamed that he possessed a relation in the world.

'Yes, my sister,' he answered, 'the Princess Natalie. Poor child, she leads a lonely life shut up in this great fortress; but I think you will like her, Lady Olivia; she is gentleness and sweetness itself.'

'But does she live here altogether; does she never go out?' asked Olivia, who, like myself, was growing more and more mystified.

'Never,' replied His Majesty; 'my sister is blind.'

As he spoke, a door at the farther end of the apartment opened, and a white hand divided the curtains that half concealed it. A moment later a young girl entered the room, and, without hesitation, walked towards where we stood. When I saw her I gave a little start of astonishment. You know, Forsyth, that I can scarcely be considered a lady's man; still, I have seen some pretty faces in my time. Yet I confess to you that, up to that moment, I had never beheld so beautiful and yet so frail a creature as stood before me then. Olivia is an acknowledged beauty; but to my mind she could not compare at all with the girl who now stood before us for true feminine loveliness. It was a face of the purest Greek type, surmounted by a wealth of golden hair, the latter so fine and silky that it seemed as if to touch it with the softest brush would be to spoil it for ever. She was dressed completely in white, in a mixture of styles, half Oriental, half European, that was very attractive. Though her eyes were open, her affliction could be easily detected by the carriage of her head.

'So you have come back to me, Marie,' she said in French, stretching out her hands before her as she spoke. 'You have been so long away.'

'Yes, dear, I have come back to you at last,' replied the king, taking her hand with a tenderness infinitely touching, and drawing her to him that he might kiss her forehead. 'And what is more, my sister, I have brought some friends with me who have been very kind to me, and whom I know you will thank. They will help me to cheer your loneliness. Let me present you to Lady Olivia Wokingham.'

'Ah, madame,' said the girl, turning without hesitation to where Olivia stood, 'it is kind of you to help my brother, and still kinder of you

to come here. Marie knows how gladly I welcome all his friends.'

Then, when in my turn I had been introduced, she held out her little hand to me, and bade me welcome too.

I am weak enough to own, if it is a confession of weakness, which I do not admit, that when I went to bed that night it was not of the king, his castle, or his popularity I dreamt, but of his sister, the blind Princess Natalie.

THE DROVER.

TOWARDS afternoon of the day before the weekly cattle-market, the person who strolls about our typical country town in search of fresh 'types' has his attention attracted by little knots of men, twos and threes who gather at the street-corners and especially about the doors of the 'agricultural' hotels frequented by dealers and farmers. They are not country labourers; they are not tramps. The tramp never congregates with his fellows as these men are doing, but slouches through the town on his route with a wary eye for the police, or goes straight to the 'casual ward,' or the common lodging-house in the back street. Nor are they town-loafers, the men who wheel round travellers' samples from shop to shop, and sit smoking on the truck-handles in the long intervals while the bagman is wrestling an order from the cautious tradesmen. Their unkempt appearance, sunburnt faces, worn and muddy boots, tell of a rough, hard life beneath the open sky; their long sticks, tough ash-plants, speak of connection with animals. Little better clothed than the tramp, but easily distinguishable from a member of the loafing fraternity by a bolder eye, a louder tongue, and a quicker step, the drover is an important and interesting component of the great agricultural total. Low in the social scale he may be; useless he is not. Were it not for this 'unattached' camp-follower and his fellows, to-morrow's vast head of stock would block the market and streets, a helpless, inert mass.

Let us see for a moment if we can do without him; we will suppose him 'improved' out of existence. On Wednesday morning—our market-day is Wednesday—a farmer sets out for market with the intention of buying ten or twelve bullocks, if prices are reasonable, to eat off some superfluous swedes. Drovers being non-existent, he must take a labourer—a man getting fifteen shillings a week and a cottage rent free—to bring home his prospective purchase. If he has a particularly steady boy about the place, he perhaps takes him, running the risk of the cattle being driven home too fast, and arriving 'blown,' weary, and 'off their feed.' They will not get over it, and begin to put on flesh for several days.

But arrived at the town, our farmer soon finds prices 'ruling high.' If he buys to-day it is doubtful when he will see his money back again, so he keeps his cheque in his pocket. His time is not wholly wasted; he sees a pork-butcher about a draft of young pigs he has ready, perhaps meets an artificial manure or

seed merchant's agent; but his man's day is a dead loss. It is some two or three hours before it is certain there will be no bargains to be had, and he can be told to set off home—nine miles, say. Of course he must have something to drink first with his bread and cold bacon. Now your countryman is not, as a rule, a good walker. He can plod slowly after the plough all day, through heavy clay soil, without much trouble, but several miles on a turnpike road soon 'gets him down.' By the time he gets back it will certainly be 'unhooking-time,' and his day's work must be entered in the wages-book—one is nearly always kept on good farms now—with a 'dash,' the farmer's 'nil.' He may return home sober; he may not. In the latter case his head will ache next morning, and materially affect his working powers. If he were the cowman or shepherd, selected for trustworthiness, casualties will very likely be discovered, or reported by his *locum tenens*; the calves not fed, the bullock-yard water-trough drunk dry, or a fat wether or ewe found dead on its back, in a slight hollow of the pasture.

So we cannot yet dispense with the unattached, jobbing drover. There may be, and probably are, those who see nothing of interest in him; but some there are, I am glad to know, who see beauty, more or less, in every phase and figure of country life, and it is for such that I would draw a slight outline of the drover and his life.

On Tuesday afternoon, then, we see the drovers appearing here and there in the street. Some of them have already obtained and completed a preliminary job. Sheep and cattle deteriorate very much in condition with fatigue, and if driven several miles to town on market morning, perhaps fail to fetch their full value. For this reason sheep are often sent in wagons at their ease, while many herds of cattle are sent quietly in the previous evening, and lodged for the night in meadows close to the market, at a small charge per head, and this small outlay of money and forethought may bear substantial fruit in the sale-ring. It is these droves which have already provided work for the drovers.

Throughout the evening they loiter about the street, comparing notes, sometimes quarrelling, but always watchful and ready to waylay a possible employer. There are many dealers and graziers who live in or close to the town, and these are generally moving about on the eve of market-day, interviewing auctioneers, 'standing drinks,' and the like. Dealers from a distance, too, arrive in the town over-night, to be ready for the 'early worm' in the shape of bargains. On all these the drover has his eye, eager to receive the promise of a job.

In the morning he is early afoot. Stock will be coming in along every main road continuously from seven till ten o'clock or later. At the railway station, cattle-trucks will be discharging their contents. At the entrances to the town the drover will pick up coppers if nothing more. Shepherds and cowmen, who have brought their charges single-handed for miles along the broad high-road and through lonely lanes, will have had a few pence given them to engage help through the narrow street and round the troublesome corners

of the town—a cheaper plan than sending one of the farm boys to idle away a day in the town.

At the market gates there is constant work. Carts and wagons are being emptied of a varied living load. Sheep, as every one knows, are awkward creatures to drive, and require many hands and much shouting. Pigs are even worse; as quick a way of emptying a cart-load as any is to carry each one singly, kicking and squealing, to their allotted pen. A pig loose and alone is an eel for slipperiness. I have seen one keep a dozen pursuers at a distance for ten minutes, merely by dodging among the legs of a drove of cattle; as the cattle were 'shifted' to get at him, the pig 'shifted' too, and gained breath for a fresh run later.

The drover works everywhere with a will. He is not particular as to whether his assistance is called for or not. A piece of gratuitous aid, well-timed, generally gets rewarded, and serves, too, to secure him a good name, and a good word from farmers and men alike. In the auctioneer's sale-rings extra help is often welcome at an extra 'big market,' when the lots must be got in and out of the ring with more than usual despatch.

But by about noon the drover, if he is a well-known and reliable man, will probably secure a job for the rest of the day. A farmer has just concluded a deal for some cattle, and before adjourning with the vendor to an inn to write a cheque, and conclude the business with a glass of spirits and a chat, he looks round him as if in search of something. Our drover is at his side in a moment; he has been watching the 'deal' for the last twenty minutes, perhaps longer, and now touches his greasy hat cheerfully. There is no need to tell him the whereabouts of the farm, or the best way to it; he knows every acre of the county, and every farmer or dealer of any standing who attends this and the neighbouring markets. For country work he might make a detective. There is no one like the man who is always afoot in a district for knowing its people and their affairs.

With the help of one of the scores of boys who swarm about the pens, looking out for fun and halfpence, he soon has his drove clear of the crowded market, and before long is out on the high-road. Away from the noise and bustle of the town, cattle are easily driven. The drover lets them take their own pace, which, if they are young animals and fresh, is for the first mile or so often a pretty smart one. But after half an hour the hard road begins to tell on their unshod feet, and they settle down to two or three miles an hour. The drover does not attempt to hurry them; his voice, not his stick, is the only encouragement they receive; and so man and beasts jog easily along, the latter now and then pausing for a hasty mouthful of roadside grass or casting longing looks over gates into pastures, doubly tempting after the long standing in market and the weary tramp along the dusty road.

The drover usually does without a dog. A dog's great value to a shepherd consists chiefly in penning sheep in fields, singling one and

'cornering' him at a sign from his master's hand. Out on the road sheep will go fairly well, and a dog not unfrequently alarms them and causes a wild and exhausting stampede. Dogs—unbroken curs at any rate—are apt to bite the heels of cattle needlessly; and, on the whole, a farmer looks rather askance on a dog when he trusts his stock to the drover. So the latter trudges alone, unless we allow his stumpy clay pipe to count; and who shall say that a pipe is not a companion?

Very likely the farmer passes him on the road and is at home before him; but if not, he is pretty sure of being given a substantial supper, in addition to his pay, which may be anything from a shilling to half-a-crown, according to distance. Farm-house hospitality, if not what it was, still extends to the giving of a meal to such chance comers as this. He will be allowed to pass the night in a barn or outhouse, though the farmer's wife is generally uneasy on the score of his pipe and the chances of fire; and the accounts of fires in country newspapers prove her fears to be by no means groundless. The drover and his like certainly cannot be relied on to forego their 'smoke' under any circumstances; and if the farmer is wise he will himself remove the man's pipe last thing, or see that he is accommodated in an isolated shed, with no more straw about than is necessary to his comfort.

If there is a market in a neighbouring town next day, the drover is early on the road to be on the scene betimes. Otherwise, he probably sleeps late, and may be seen towards afternoon loitering back to his headquarters—a lodging-house in the town. To some extent, all through the year, but more especially in spring and autumn, about Lady Day and Michaelmas, when farmers are retiring or selling young stock, and holdings are changing hands, there is plenty of work for him at sales. Practically open house is kept as regards liquid refreshments. Lunch is obtainable by ticket—money returned to buyers—but all through the afternoon, men circulate about the ring which forms round the auctioneer, with great cans of ale, cider, and glasses of whisky or gin and water, and of these the drover gets his share.

This brings me to the vices and virtues of his class. And without undue impartiality—though I must confess to a considerable affection for the drover, and an occasional fit of envy of his free, roving life—I contend that his virtues are more conspicuous than his failings.

He is honest and reliable. One rarely hears of a theft by a drover. Such debatable matters as mushrooms, or turnips and swede greens may be very occasionally urged against him, and still more rarely a solitary hen, straying too far down the lane, is caught up by deft hands; but such cases are very unusual. Self-interest, no doubt, comes to the aid of conscience here, for the farmers are his livelihood. Alienate them and their 'missuses,' and where will be his half-day's job or the savoury meal in the back-kitchen or 'tommy-house.' Of course there are black sheep, and perhaps the most usual offence is the theft of money or

clothes—a neckerchief say—from a fellow-lodger in the lodging-house, or a sleeper under a rick or hedge.

He is eminently reliable as regards his charges. He understands animals well—few better. He can detect the first sign of fatigue, knows when a halt of ten or twenty minutes will do good, and nearly always brings his drove to their journey's end in good condition and order. Accidents on the way, such as gate-jumping or hedge-breaking are rare. Yet he never seems anxious, or—once the streets are left behind—excited; the secret of his success lies in his instinctive, unflinching tact.

His vices? Well, my comfortable, well-clothed reader, they are what yours might perchance be, placed in his position. Trudging mile after mile behind cattle or sheep is slow, chilly work in winter, and very, very 'dry' work in summer when the drove moves on in the midst of a perpetual cloud of dust; try following a flock of sheep half a mile in August, when there has been no rain for days or perhaps weeks. The roadside public-house offers a tempting opportunity of combining duty with pleasure—resting the animals and refreshing himself with a pint. But even when far from sober, he still seems able to take care of himself and his beasts.

He is inclined to be quarrelsome now and then among his mates. Disputes soon arise, especially when drovers frequent other markets than their own; accusations of taking a job promised to another man are made, and the disputants settle it with fists on the spot. The language used is no worse than might be expected.

He is not needlessly cruel. He lives too much with animals not to have a certain rough sympathy with them. But animals driven hither and thither among noise and crowds turn stupid and obstinate; they must be moved somehow, and it is difficult to gauge the precise number or weight of blows required. Many a seemingly merciless thwack on a tender spot is unintentional; the cow moves as the stick falls perhaps, or a sheep thrusts its head over a companion's back and the mischief is done. The charge of wanton cruelty is made, and who shall speak for the defence?

Sometimes a chat with one of these men will elicit the fact that he has been in the army. After the rigid discipline of twelve or fifteen years in the ranks, one can well imagine the attraction of the freedom and *abandon* of the drover's life; the constant wandering in the open air, the utter absence of all restraint and regularity.

And when years of exposure, in summer and winter, under fair skies and foul, have done their work, what then? Usually the work-house, where, in spite of the attacks levelled from certain quarters at that institution, the drover finds food and shelter, tobacco, and—more than all—society. In the men's ward he can tell o'er and o'er the records of doughty deeds in battle, or queer tales of the countryside. An almshouse rarely falls to his lot. His life shows a fatal lack of permanency in the matter of residence; almshouses are for the 'oldest inhabitant' and his kind.

Sometimes the end is sudden. The shelter of a tumble-down barn and a few armfuls of straw is not always proof against the hard black frosts of January. Often the drover 'down on his luck' has not the pence to spare for a 'doss' at the lodging-house. This does not trouble him much; it is only September as yet, and the nights are fairly warm. He has a job for the morning to bring up some cattle from a riverside meadow; he will go and sleep in the shed which stands by the hedge-side under the chestnut-trees.

He goes off down the street, reeling a little, but saying 'good-night' civilly to the policeman who paces to and fro on the bridge. But the night is dark and rainy, and the path by the riverside, leading through two or three meadows, is not very distinct. His feet soon lose it and wander this side and that. The bank just here is steep and smooth, the water below deep and still. He misses his footing, there is a heavy plunge and a splash. No saving projection comes readily within his grasp; the mud gives way from hands and feet, and very soon all is quiet again; only the ripples curve away fan-like from something which lies just under water at the head of the shallows below.

The morning is bright and clear after the rain. A workman, who comes in daily from an outlying hamlet to his work, sees the 'something' and makes sure of its nature. Another man or two to help, a policeman, a boat and the ambulance, and then 'something' lies awaiting the verdict of 'found drowned.'

The verdict is soon found; but not without something of the nature of a *dénouement*. For a respectable tradesman has to come forward and identify 'deceased' as a ne'er-do-weel brother, and a long-standing trouble to his family.

Respectable parentage, decent up-bringing, and sound education; enlistment in the army, preceded and followed by a life of doubtful repute; and, after years of casual 'droving' with few assets but his stick and an old pipe—a lonely river-grave within sight of light and help.

'MAÑANA.'

A REMINISCENCE OF ARGENTINA.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.

—YOUNG.

I.

THE visitor or new resident in the Argentine Republic will, very soon after his arrival, become inconveniently aware that one of the customs of the Spanish inhabitants is to reverse a well-known proverb, and render it thus: 'On no account do anything to-day that can possibly be put off until to-morrow.' With natural politeness, or perhaps to save the trouble of discussion, they promise anything and everything for 'to-day,' if so required, but

the sun will set, and rise, and set again, before the promise is fulfilled. He who promises thinks 'Mañana' (Spanish for 'to-morrow') will do equally well; why be in such a hurry? Oh, these Inglés; they cannot wait; they have no patience!

Less, however, does this indolent habit prevail in the great city of Buenos Ayres than in smaller centres and camp-towns; for there every nationality has its representative, business is stirring, competition is keen, and the order of the day is—'Look alive—seize your opportunity; make your dollars to-day—there may be a revolution to-morrow.' But out in the camp (or country), in the small towns or villages, life is taken very easily, and no one is 'troubled with much serving.'

Many are the dilemmas in which an Englishwoman, for instance, will find herself placed before experience teaches her to provide against contingencies. Happy for her if she is a woman of quick resources, and can contrive the invaluable 'something else,' when butcher, baker, or vegetable-cart fail her. Happy, also, if she can see the humorous side of the situation and laugh away her vexation, instead of giving place to anger and despair.

The following incident will illustrate the 'putting off' till to-morrow, and doubtless be more interesting than any of the writer's personal experiences, numerous and varied though they were.

In a small camp-town in the province of Santa Fé there dwelt one Manuel Rodriguez, a good-looking fellow, according to his kind, with sleepy black eyes, thick masses of dark hair, and a well-built frame. He owned the principal Panaderia in the place, and besides being a baker, carried on a small trade in shoe-making and repairing. All these qualifications raised him to the position of an eligible young man, and one looked up to as a desirable beau by the señoritas of his own class, who cast side-glances from behind their fans as they passed his open doors.

When not too much trouble, he had no objection to a little conversation with one or other of these damsels; but being very indolent, and very fond of his ease, he had not yet decided whether he preferred Anita to Maria, or if Mercedes was not more to his taste than Emilia.

It was the hottest hour of a very hot day, 100° in the shade, and not very much shade either to be found in that flat and treeless part of the country. But Rodriguez had a portion of the patio well covered in, and there he lounged in loose attire, drinking 'maté'—the tea of the country—before taking his usual siesta. All was silent, every one resting, the doors and the shutters of the Panaderia were closed against the scorching heat of the sun; the bread had all been delivered in the early

hours (before eight), and no one would be so mad as to venture out until evening. He would therefore take a long rest; true, there were those shoes of the señora's, promised for to-day, and still unfinished—but—there would be to-morrow—'Mañana'—his eyes closed, his head fell back—and Manuel Rodriguez was in the land of dreams.

He was not allowed to remain there long; scarcely had he begun a nice comfortable snore, when there resounded in the still air a loud clapping of hands. A man on horseback thus announced himself in the usual fashion at the door; both he and his horse were jaded with the heat, and covered with dust. A second clapping producing no effect, the man, muttering impatiently, alighted, and knocked on the closed shutters. A voice was heard within, and presently there appeared, from behind the house, a youth who inquired of the new-comer what he wanted.

'The master,' was the reply.

'But the master is asleep, señor,' said the boy.

'Then wake him,' exclaimed the stranger, 'and tell him to come quickly.'

Rodriguez, already awakened by the noise, rose from his chair, stretched himself, yawned, and very leisurely opened the doors, greeting his customer with a 'Buenos tardes.' Responding in like manner, the stranger held out a foot to show the plight he was in, the sole of his shoe having parted company from the upper leather, and revealing a considerable portion of the wearer's sock. He requested Rodriguez to repair the shoe whilst he rested and dined at the nearest restaurant, promising to send for it towards sunset, before resuming his journey.

'This is a small order to be roused from one's necessary rest for,' Rodriguez thought, but he was too sleepy for anything but an assenting 'Buenos;' so the stranger, placing his now shoeless foot in the stirrup, thanked him and rode away.

Rodriguez closed the doors, threw the shoe into an inner workroom, returned to his chair, resumed his slumbers, and this time enjoyed them undisturbed.

The strange señor was kindly entertained at the restaurant, supplied with slippers, refreshed with a bath, and his dusty clothes shaken and brushed. After partaking of the inevitable 'maté,' and enjoying a short siesta, he was now dining, previous to resuming his journey. A boy was now despatched for the shoe, with generous payment for the repair.

Ah, señor,' said the mistress of the house, 'if it is that lazy Rodriguez you have left your shoe with, it will not yet be done.'

'Not done!' he exclaimed; 'but it *must* be done, or what shall I do?'

'Quien sabe?' ('who knows?' 'who can tell?') said the woman with her soft lisp, and a sympathising shake of her head. The boy returned without the shoe, reporting Rodriguez would do it to-morrow. This made the señor

very angry, and the boy was sent a second time to say he must have it, however roughly stitched, and he would wait one hour longer for it. But the answer came that Rodriguez was going to dine, his man was drunk and unable to work, and therefore the shoe could not be repaired until the morrow; the señor had better stay all night.

'It is impossible,' said the señor, who was now in a great rage, and ordering his horse to be brought, he rode off to see what he could do in the matter. Rodriguez took it very coolly when asked the reason of the delay, saying he had been 'indisposed,' which was perfectly true in one sense, and he was now going to ride out in the camp; it was too late to work.

'But,' said the stranger in a despairing voice, 'it is time I started; what *am* I to do?'

'Quien sabe?' said Rodriguez unconcernedly, with a shrug of his shoulders.

The stranger took a good look at him, and without another word, rode away, muttering to himself, however, 'I'll make you pay for this, my fine fellow; you'll see me again before many "mañanas" if all goes well.'

The mistress of the restaurant found a half-worn pair of shoes which fitted the señor, and for which—his good temper being restored—she received ample remuneration. Then after paying for his own refreshment, and not forgetting that of his horse, he left the place. Outside the little town he drew in rein, turned round, kissed his hand in the direction from which he had come, saying, 'A good omen! other men's shoes! Ahah! it is very good. Adios hasta luego' ('until we meet again').

The last train passing through this little town the same night brought the resident judge, who had been absent a few days. He was somewhat agitated, and made instant inquiries concerning a man whose description answered exactly to that of the shoeless stranger, and whom he was most anxious to seize and imprison. He sent vigilantes to all the restaurants, and on their return, hearing that such a person had not only been in the town, but had remained there for several hours, leaving only at sunset, he exclaimed:

'The rebel! he knew too well I was far away. Ah! my bad luck.'

II.

An exciting time now followed. Rumours of a rebellion had been floating in the air, and the day came when it broke out. There is no need to enter on any description of this, as it is only connected with the present narrative by a slight link. It may, however, be mentioned that the sympathy was mostly with the insurgents, the rising being in consequence of the unjust and one-sided administration of those in power; and apropos of this, it is worthy of note that on the handsome buildings of the Administration, in the principal city of the province, there is (or was) a full-sized figure of 'Justice' with unbandaged eyes!

The rebels gained the victory, and a general 'turn out' of officials took place, followed by a putting in of new men. Another judge was appointed in the little town of which I write, and matters soon settled themselves very com-

fortably as if nothing had occurred. Certainly, to outsiders, the revolution had caused less inconvenience than a late invading army of locusts.

Meanwhile, Manuel Rodriguez had been roused from his usual apathy, and the question of his preference for a certain señorita definitely settled. An energetic suitor for the hand of the fair Anita having come forward, caused Rodriguez to realise the state of his own heart, and the fact that Anita, and she only, was its mistress. He then lost no time, but made such favourable overtures that he was accepted, and the marriage arranged for the next 'Fiesta.'

A few days previous to the wedding he called at the residence of the newly appointed judge to notify that he should present himself with his betrothed, her parents, and usual witnesses, on the morning of the Fiesta, for the civil marriage. The judge was seated at his official table, clad in brand-new dress of office, hair cropped, mustachios waxed, calm and dignified. It was not surprising Rodriguez failed to recognise in him the dusty, unkempt, worn-out traveller of two months ago, whose shoe still remained, un-mended and unclaimed, on the shelf of the workshop.

But the judge recognised Rodriguez, and listened gravely while the latter stated his business, and said they would, with the permission of his excellency, assemble before him at nine o'clock on the morning of the Fiesta. The only response of the judge was a brief 'Buenos;' and taking up a paper signified that the interview was closed. Rodriguez, thus dismissed, uttered his thanks and bowed himself out; he thought the judge might have been a little more pleasant, considering the agreeable nature of the occasion; but, ah well, possibly he was a bachelor, poor man!

If Rodriguez had glanced back, on leaving the room, he would have seen the grave countenance of the judge instantly relax, a smile spread over his face, and his eyes twinkle with fun, as he rubbed his hands together, exclaiming: 'Ah, revenge is sweet; I shall now be even with you, my friend.'

It was a glorious morning; the Fiesta was one of the great ones, and a general holiday; the tinkling bell of the little church had been calling worshippers together, at intervals, from a very early hour. There was no lack of them, for besides the residents, there came from the outlying estancias and smaller farms every kind of vehicle, literally packed with men, women, and children; and there were also horses carrying whole families on their backs. The Plaza in front of the church presented an interesting scene, crowds of holiday-attired people waiting their turn, watching for the doors to open, the congregation to pour out, and the bell again call to the next service.

The Argentine colours were displayed over the residence of the judge, and a few minutes before nine o'clock the wedding party came in sight, a gay procession of some length, threading its way across the Plaza by a well-trodden path under the acacia trees, thus avoiding the dusty road. The invitations to participate had been well responded to, and the party crowded

the room where they awaited the appearance of the judge.

Ten minutes passed, and Rodriguez, becoming impatient, rose and looked out; a vigilante was walking a saddled horse to and fro before the door of the judge's bedroom, which opened on the Plaza; at the same moment, dressed for riding, out came the judge himself, and to the utter consternation of Rodriguez, proceeded to mount his horse! He was then about to start, but this was too much. Rodriguez dashed forward.

'Pardon, señor,' he gasped; 'the marriage—we are all assembled in the office.'

'Eh?' said the judge; 'marriage?'

'Si señor; it was arranged for this feast-day at nine o'clock, with the permission of your Excellency, and we are now waiting.'

'Ah!' said the judge frowning, 'but I am "indisposed." I am going to "ride out in the camp;" the marriage can be put off until to-morrow.'

Rodriguez was furious, but dared not show it. 'Pardon, Excelencia,' he cried, in agitation, 'but my bride! the company! The priests too will be waiting at the church; what am I to do?'

'Quien sabe?' coolly replied the judge, as he rode on a few paces. Then turning his head, he added, 'Perhaps you will now mend my shoe, my good fellow. Adios hasta mañana' ('adieu until to-morrow').

'Shoe!' In a moment it all flashed on Rodriguez, and the angry blood rushed to his face; but catching a glimpse of Anita peeping out in alarm, he swallowed down his anger and pride, and rushing after the judge, begged a thousand pardons for his fault, entreating that his bride, so young, so happy, who had done no wrong, should not be punished and put to shame. Ah! his Excellency should see how grateful he would be.

Now there was not in the whole province of Santa Fé a kinder-hearted man than the judge, and although he had determined to punish Rodriguez, he did not intend to give him more than 'a bad half-hour.' The priests, who were to be the guests of the judge at his breakfast-table that day, being in the secret, thought the lesson was well-merited, and might prove beneficial. But as the judge glanced back at Rodriguez, he also saw the pretty Anita's troubled face, and this, together with Rodriguez's appeal on her behalf, was too much for his kind heart; he could hold out no longer. So, dismounting, he led the poor fellow back to his bride, said a few gracious words to her, and remarking generally that there had been 'a little mistake,' proceeded with the marriage contract.

Before Rodriguez and his bride left the room, the former placed on the table a double fee, and assured the judge of his grateful feelings. They then proceeded to the church, where the religious ceremony took place.

That day week the judge received a present—the handsomest pair of shoes Rodriguez ever sent out of his shop.

There is an odd shoe hanging up in a conspicuous place in Rodriguez's workshop, with the word 'Recuerdo' painted under it. Old

habits are not as easily got rid of or mended as old shoes, and he needs this 'remembrance;' for he still occasionally fails to keep his promises, in spite of the judge's lesson, and continues to cherish a fondness for the visionary 'mañana.'

ON GOSSAMER WINGS.

By T. L. PHIPSON.

MANY of my readers have, no doubt, sauntered forth early on a fine morning in August, before the sun has had time to evaporate the dew which still clings to the grass, and they will perhaps have observed innumerable small spiders' webs stretching in all directions over the soil, and shining brilliantly, like diamonds, with all the colours of the rainbow. If they are sportsmen they may have noticed that their dogs' noses, borne near the ground as they run through the stubble, become covered with these silky threads to such an extent that the animals will sometimes stop and endeavour to remove them with their paws.

A little later in the year, say from the middle of September to mid-October, they may also have witnessed the floating gossamer borne along in the air by the soft breeze. These gossamer threads are in certain years so plentiful about the middle of autumn that the writer has seen the funnel of a locomotive which had travelled in October from Paris to Erquelines, in Belgium, so covered with them as to appear as if wrapped in a thick white shawl. Occasionally I have seen them also in March, both in England and France, but such a thing appears to be rather exceptional, as autumn is doubtless the true season for their appearance; and it usually occurs when the weather is very fine, the air warm, the sun brilliant, and its heat tempered by a mild, delicious breeze. It is probably owing to such circumstances that poets have often alluded to these mysterious gossamer threads, floating in fine, white silky streams through the atmosphere at a time when all nature is smiling, when the scent of flowers still perfumes the gardens, when the sun's rays have lost their midsummer violence, and the commotions caused by storms have ceased to trouble us.

The nature of this curious phenomenon has only been discovered in modern times. The learned men of the beginning of the last century were quite as ignorant of the cause of the gossamer flights, as were poets, and many of the most absurd opinions have been put forth to explain this singular appearance. The French call these filmy, floating cobwebs *fil de la Vierge* ('threads of the Virgin'); the Germans allude to them as *Sommer-fäden* ('summer threads'). The English 'gossamer' is, according to Dr Skeat, simply *goose-summer*, the *summer* meaning *summer-film*. Another derivation is from *God* and *summer*, the latter word being then a corruption of Romance *samarra*, 'a skirt,' from

the legend that the films are threads of the Virgin Mary's shroud, thrown away when she was taken up into heaven.

Gossamer threads are now known with certainty to be formed of spiders' web; several persons have found the spider itself in them, and others, among whom the writer may be included, have been fortunate enough to see them formed, and have actually seen them used by the little creature to transport itself to enormous distances through the atmosphere, just as men travel in balloons. It is believed that several species of spiders—and perhaps immature insects—make such threads. One particular kind of spider which produces the floating gossamer is a small species of a dark chocolate-brown colour, about the size of a small split pea, having rather long brown and yellowish legs, and a considerably developed spinning apparatus, easily visible at the extremity of its body. These spiders, which never inhabit houses, have been named *Aranea obtextrix*. They are very numerous in our English gardens and among the stubble, but they are rather timid creatures, and apt to run away down a plant or a stalk of corn and hide themselves on the ground if they are incautiously approached.

According to my own observations, when they have covered the soil with their threads so profusely that scarcely a spot is to be found where they have not been, they choose an appropriate day, quit the ground, and find their way to the very highest point of some plant, say the topmost flower of a chrysanthemum. There the little spider turns upwards the end of its body, and darts forth from its spinners an almost invisible thread which floats upwards into the air. This thread is so fine that it can only be seen when the rays of the sun happen to be reflected from it. It is wafted upwards at an angle with the horizon by the breeze, and when it has attained to a certain length it is capable of pulling the spider away from the flower, provided the little creature lets go the grip of its legs upon the petal. During the whole time that the thread is being spun out, and as its length increases, the gossamer spider is seen to make certain abrupt movements upon the flower, allowing itself to be pulled to the extreme summit, then rushing a little way down again towards the centre of the flower, as if to try whether the long thread it has emitted is capable of bearing the weight of its body should the latter be abandoned freely to the wafting breeze. A moment arrives when this occurs, and it is a moment of intense astonishment to the observer; for the little brown spider is seen suddenly to leave the petal of the flower, and to fly up into the air—I can use no other expression—just as a house-fly or a bee would do.

There is, however, a slight difference. A fly or a bee would soar away without stopping; but with the gossamer spider, when it has shot up some six or eight yards, or half the height of a house, its course is somewhat

Cham-
Ber-
arrest
motion
fast a
which
away
miles.
See
witness
1895,
garden
being
vertical
the v
house
it and
I a
ticular
mann
to an
to wh
by ac
are s
the a
able
is sai
the s
in E
the c
ralist
Sept
be a
might
surfa
ment
tion
seen
time
intin
Th
mode
of t
Aris
little
with
obser
and
The
ral,
whic
secre
the
it c
poss
that
appe
whe
toug
that
its
may
carr
may
out
form
air
the
tang
floa
a st
spic
air

arrested, its legs are seen to be in violent motion, it seems to be pulling in its thread as fast as possible, rolling it into a loose, light ball, which the soft autumnal breeze finally carries away out of sight—may be for hundreds of miles.

Such is the curious phenomenon as I myself witnessed it on Sunday the 15th of September 1895, at a quarter past one at noon, in a garden near London, the weather at the time being extremely fine. The spider did not rise vertically, but at an angle in the direction of the wind, and as it soared rapidly off over my house a long silken thread was seen preceding it and carrying it away.

I shall not stay to inquire why this particular species of spider migrates in the manner described from one part of the country to another, how long it remains in the air, or to what distances it thus travels. All I know by actual experience is, that gossamer threads are sometimes to be seen at great heights in the atmosphere, and that they travel considerable distances. They have even been seen, so it is said, far out at sea. It appears to be exactly the same species of spider that produces them in England, France, and Germany, judging by the descriptions of it given by various naturalists. It is very abundant in August and September; twenty or thirty may sometimes be seen on a single straw, and thousands might be collected in a few hours from the surface of a stubble field. It is in the last-mentioned month that the departure or migration occurs; but the white gossamer is often seen floating in the air in October, and sometimes, but rarely, in March, as I have before intimated.

The discovery of these curious facts is entirely modern; no account whatever is to be found of them in ancient writers such as Pliny and Aristotle. Even among the moderns the curious little being that possesses this power of flying without wings has been very incompletely observed, so that, common as it is, its habits and manner of life are yet very little known. The gossamer thread, and spiders' web in general, is similar in its nature to silk, a material which is produced by many insects. It is secreted as a glutinous fluid which solidifies the moment it comes in contact with the air; it contains a large amount of nitrogen, and possesses an adhesive quality far greater than that of raw silk. This latter property is so apparent in the substance of the cobweb that when a filament darted forth by the spider touches any object it adheres to it so firmly that the thread will break rather than abandon its attachment. The little gossamer spider may secrete a single thread sufficiently long to carry it into the air, as we have seen; or it may secrete several at the same time which spread out somewhat like the tail of a comet. In the former case the spider, after a while, rises in the air just like a fly and quite as rapidly. In the second case the threads may become entangled by the breeze and remain for hours floating from a bush or a blade of grass, until a stronger gust may carry them off without the spider. As thousands of such spiders rise in the air from a stubble field in the course of a single

day, it is natural to suppose that their threads get entangled in the air, and so acquire the flaky appearance generally designated as gossamer.

COMBS.

ON an unknown day very early in the world's history it must have occurred to some prehistoric Narcissus, as he contemplated his not too attractive physiognomy in the clear water of a pellucid brook or well—the most ancient of mirrors—that the tangled masses of hair which covered his head, and fell thickly upon his shoulders, were susceptible of some improvement in the way of orderly arrangement. The reflection would suggest action; and our prehistoric friend would doubtless discover, instinctively, that the passage of the fingers through his matted locks—difficult and painful as the operation may have been—was the initial step towards the attainment of a more orderly *chevelure*. This was the first stage in the history of the comb; for, as fingers were made before forks, so the same useful members just as surely preceded combs. The next step was easy. It must soon have occurred to the least intellectual of our earliest ancestors that an artificial implement, however rude in construction, might easily be made which would do the work of disentanglement more effectually than thick or clumsy fingers. And so, at some unknown but very early date in the history of the world, the first comb made its appearance, carrying with and within it the 'promise and potency' of a world of toilet appliances, of which, assuredly, the untutored savage who first learned to comb his objectionable locks never dreamed.

Combs are found among the relics of the earliest forms of civilisation. In the British Museum, for instance, may be seen combs, with hair-pins, mirrors, and other toilet articles, which were used in world-old Egypt thousands of years ago; and earlier than the wonderful civilisation of the land of the Nile it is hardly possible to go—at least with any attempt at historical precision. Leaving these twilight regions of extreme antiquity, however, and coming to more distinctly historic times, combs are found to have been used by most European nations, whether civilised or the reverse. Ancient Roman combs were made of boxwood, or of ivory, or of still more precious materials; and similar articles have been disinterred from the houses of long-buried Pompeii.

The more barbarous races of northern Europe were equally familiar with these aids to the toilet. The old chronicle history of Ely tells us that our Danish invaders, following the custom of their country, 'used to comb their hair every day, bathed every Saturday, often changed their clothes, and used many other such frivolous means of setting off the beauty of their persons.' These Danish dandies—in whom, however, dandyism did not beget effeminacy—left many traces of their presence in the eastern counties of England. Sir Thomas Browne, of 'Urn-Burial' celebrity, records that in 1658, between forty and fifty urns were dug up in a field

at Walsingham, in Norfolk. Many of these receptacles contained bones—skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh bones, teeth, &c.—besides small combs, brazen nippers, and other implements. 'Now,' continues Sir Thomas, 'that they accustomed to burn or bury with them things wherein they excelled, delighted, or which were dear unto them, either as farewells unto all pleasure, or vain apprehension that they might use them in the other world, is testified by all antiquity.'

It cannot be positively stated that these urn relics at Walsingham belonged to the Danish invaders, who so largely settled in East Anglia, and influenced East Anglian life and speech for centuries; but it is at least certain that the urns and their contents were of pagan origin. Combs that have been discovered in certain other burying-places are just as clearly connected with early Christian sentiment. When the grave of St Cuthbert, in Durham Cathedral, was opened in 1827, there was found reposing upon the breast of the prelate a plain Saxon comb, made of ivory, and measuring $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in width. This may now be seen by any visitor to the cathedral. Similar relics have been found in other sepulchres in the same sacred building.

More than one reason has been suggested for this burial of a comb with dignitaries of the Christian church; but there can be little doubt that it was in some way associated with certain liturgical uses of the same article. Full information as to these uses of the comb may be found in various ecclesiastical writers. It will be sufficient here to say that it appears from several ancient rituals that the hair of the priest who was to celebrate mass was combed, before celebration, by the deacon, not only in the vestry or sacristy, but, according to at least one fourteenth century ritual, several times during the service. Many of these ecclesiastical combs were of considerable value. At Sens Cathedral there is still preserved a large ivory comb, adorned with precious stones, and carved with figures of animals. From an incised inscription, it is supposed that this relic dates from the sixth century. Henry III. presented Canterbury with a comb, set with precious stones. Henry VIII. carried off from Glastonbury, together with other plunder, a golden comb, 'garnished with small turquoises and other coarse stones,' and weighing altogether more than eight ounces. Dugdale, in his *History of St Paul's*, gives an inventory of the precious contents of the treasury of the old London Cathedral. And among rich vestments, jewelled crosses, and reliquaries, invaluable manuscripts, and service books, and many other things of worth, now nearly all perished, there are entered several ivory combs. At the present time the comb has no ecclesiastical associations, save in the consecration of a Catholic bishop, when an ivory comb is directed to be used in arranging the newly consecrated prelate's hair, after his head has been anointed with oil and dried with bread.

With regard to modern secular uses of the comb there is little to be said. One or two points only are worth noting in connection therewith. In the seventeenth century, and perhaps a little later, it seems to have been

not unusual to use leaden combs for the purpose of darkening the natural colour of the hair. A French writer of *Philosophical Conferences*—an English version of which appeared in folio in 1665—says that 'at Ragusa, they black the hair with litharge, black-lead, or with leaden combs.' This folly was not confined to southern Europe. Swift, in his *Journal of a Modern Lady*, writes:

Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, 'Lord, the world is so censorious,'
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red.

A like use of 'combs of lead' has not been unknown in much more recent times.

When the wearing of wigs came into fashion, combs of special design had to be made for the keeping of the new head-gear in an orderly condition. The instrument case of a hair-dresser of Restoration times is described as containing a set of horn combs with wide teeth—for the combing and readying (dressing) of long, thick, and stony heads of hair, and such like perriwigs. 'Stony heads of hair' is good. Beard and other combs were also to be found in the same box of implements. About the close of the seventeenth century the wearers of wigs were accustomed themselves to comb those adornments in public. The beaux carried in their pockets large combs of ivory or tortoiseshell; and to pass these through their wigs, when walking in the Mall, or when at Court, or in the boxes or on the stage of the theatre, was regarded as an act of gallantry. Your true gallant combed his wig almost as assiduously as he took snuff. Butler, in one of his pungently written 'Characters,' describing a 'Modish Man,' says that this hero, when at the play, 'mounts his bench between the acts, pulls off his peruke, and keeps time with his comb and motion of his person exactly to the music.' Such a proceeding seems to us ridiculous and disgusting enough; but the performance was quite in keeping with the manners of the age.

TO LOUIE.

A SONNET.

THE fainting Arab, doomed in desert lands,
Oft scans the sky-line with despairing eyes
That plead in vain; then staggers, reels, and dies
Dreaming of bubbling springs amid the sands.

Such wretch is he whose craving soul demands
Some treasure unattainable: he sighs,
And life is all a desert till the prize
Is clutched and fondled in his eager hands.

Such fate is mine: I too have crossed the brink,
And life a Libyan desert lone must be
Till, sweet oasis, panting I shall drink

Deep of thy love; yet hope of gaining thee
Oft hopeless seems; then in my misery
I faint, and in the desert prostrate sink.

WILL HILL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.